

**The praise of Saylors here set forth,**  
 With the hard Fortunes which do befall them on the Seas, when  
 Land men sleepe safe on their beds. To a pleasant new tune.



**A**s I lay musing in my bed,  
 full warm and well at ease,  
 I thought upon the lodgings hard  
 poor Saylors had at Sea.

They bide it out with hunder and cold  
 and many a bitter blast,  
 And many times constrained they are  
 for to cut down their Mast.

Their Victuals and their Ordnance  
 and ought else that they have,  
 They throw it over board with speed,  
 and seek their lives to save.

When as the raging Seas do come,  
 and lofty winds do blow,  
 The Saylors they go to the top,  
 when Land-men lay below.

Our Masters Mate takes heim in hand  
 his course he steers full well.  
 When as the lofty winds do blow  
 and raging Seas do swell.

Our Master to his Compass goes,  
 so well he plyes his charge,

He sends a Bouth unto them again  
 for to anking the Ward.

The Boatson he's under the Desk,  
 a man of courage bold,  
 To'th top, to'th top my libely Lass,  
 hold fast my hearts of gold.

The Pilot he stands on the Clain  
 with a Line and a Lead so sound  
 To see how far and near they are  
 from any dangerous ground,

It is a testimonial good,  
 we are not far from Land;  
 There sits a Permaid on the Rock  
 with comb and glas in hand.

Our Captain he is on the pop  
 a man of might and power.  
 And loke when raging Seas do gape  
 our bodles to devour.

Our Royall Ship is run to rack,  
 that was so stout and trim,  
 And some are put unto their shifts  
 either to sink or swim.

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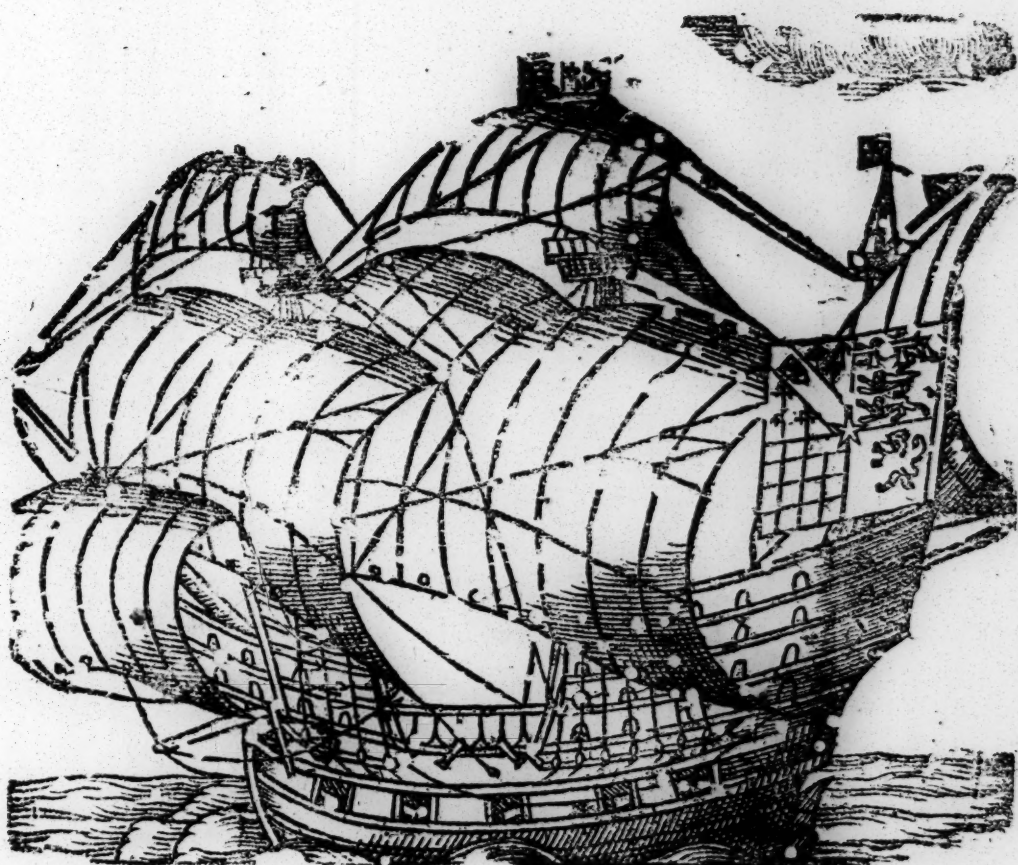
The Pilot he stands on the Clain  
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It is a testimonial god,  
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Our Captain he is on the poop  
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 And look when raging Seas do gape  
 our bodles to devour.

Our Royall Ship is run to rack,  
 that was so stout and trim,  
 And some are put unto their shifts  
 either to sink or swim.





**O**ur ship that was before so good,  
and eke likewise so trim,  
Is now with raging Seas grown leakt  
and water fast comes in.

The Quarter-Master is a man,  
so well his charge plyes he,  
He calls them to the Pump again  
& to keep their leakt ship free.

And many dangers likewise they  
do many times endure,  
When as they meet their enemies  
that come with might and power

And seek their libles likewise to take  
their libles and eke their goods,  
Thus Saylorz they sometimes endure  
upon the surging floods.

But when as they do come to Land,  
and homewards safe return.  
They are most good fellows all,  
and scorn eber to mourn.

And likewise they will call for wine,  
and scoze it on the pozt,

For Saylorz they are honest men  
and love to pay their Dast.

For Saylorz they be honest men  
and they do take great pains,  
When Landed men and ruffling Lads  
do rob them of their grains.

Our Saylorz they work night and day  
their mand-hood for to try.  
When Landed men and ruffling Jacks  
do in their Cabins lye.

Wherefore let all good minded men,  
give ear unto my Song,  
And say also as well as I  
Saylorz deserbe no wrong.

Thus have I done for Saylorz sake  
in token of good will,  
If eber I can doe them good,  
I will be ready still,

God blest them eke by Sea and Land  
and also other men,  
And as my Song beginning had  
so must it have an end.

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